

# astrs

(a rabbit cosmogony)

by Karinne Keithley

August 2005

This text is a libretto to be spoken, sung and projected. The division of words to be seen versus words to be heard is intended to be part of the rehearsal process, and can change according to the configuration of collaborating performers and designers. The elements (projection, talk and song) happen in sequence, although it is my intention that they are at times simultaneous, so that there is an accretion of layers that moves musically and rhythmically. A principle consideration of the staging process will be considering a kind of harmony between text that is heard and text that is seen.

My own production of the text will compete in the category of *radio play-folk opera-duck animation-with dances*.

Included somehow in the visual scheme should be drawings diagramming Louis Auguste Blanqui's vision of the endlessly bifurcating cosmos described in his book "L'eternité par les Astres".

# 1.

Look at the stars. Just look at them.

The rabbit is pleading for his life.

O One. O might have been.

You people. *Says the rabbit.* You people spend your lives in the company of dead things.

You flash back. All the way back to the origin of species. To the very first pebble of the endless piling up of things. There. It's out of you. It's gone.

Mr. Augustus B. Rabbit is looking at the stars. Gazing upon the endless unfolding of bifurcating universes. "All that one might have been in this world, one is in another."

Cosmicspliterernity. In a yellow wood. In a darksome distant galaxy.

Plop pellet, walk, talk, plop at same time. Sure, the rabbit can do it all. But at this instant, Mr. A. B. Rabbit isn't walking. Or even hopping. He is stopped dead in his tracks.

Just ahead of him a wildebeest is pointing at a snail who is pointing at a deer who is pointing at a gun which is trained on Augustus B. Rabbit who stares

starestarificating rabbit. Contemplates in a long and timeless present, the infinite bifurcations of possible worlds.

"All that one might have been in this world, one is in another."

And yet -- in the unfolding of particulars -- condemned to be in this one -- only -- at every instance of possibility. Only this one.

Rabbit brainwaves across the space field. See Rabbit send psychic signals to his double on another planet where he won't, in a second, be

## **bang. the rabbit is down.**

dead. Now you are in the company of a dead thing.

*of a dead thing.*

Welcome to the 53rd State of the Union. Welcome to the zone of the sixth chrysanthemum. Welcome to the frozen duck pond. It is the ice age.

here in the icy wastes of the 53rd State, the hunter is pointing at the deer.

    yr necksd  
says the hunter  
    no yrrr necksd  
snarls the dear.

this is the beginning of the middle of the beginning, the end of the middle of the start of things, when—

WAIT FOR IT

*boredom boredom boredom boredom lined interior of boredom*

now.

what if the rabbit who stared at the stars on a freezing day, with turns philosophical, near the iceaged duckpond of the 53rd State of the Union, upon whom icy death fixed unshakeable stare whilst distant planets bifurcate, with all possibilities gaining a world YET Augustus B. Rabbit is doomed to live in this one. WHAT IF. the rabbit

was the revolutionary leader of a great and fearsome militia?

Well he was.

Pan in on furious tattooed rabbit brigade.

A band of terrorrabbits.

Who's necksd? Yrrr necksd.

menacingly.

Swarm of wild rabbits descends upon the city at twilight. It's one o'clock in the morning. It's the frozen world.

*It was a time of great destruction.*

Nothing is left standing. Blood runs in the streets. A storm blows out of paradise and sweeps the vagabonds into the icy river.

brk ckckckckckckck. and then,

You think back, to the end of the middle of the beginning, to the origin of species. You flash, all in an instant. To the earliest future of categories, the first and smallest differentiation. You think back to the windmill fantasy. To the irresistible phenomenon.

*The foxhounds will be eaten by the fox.*

We are building cities we cannot live in. We have lost our alphabet and must learn to draw again. We have run over our own toes with tanks, and yet tippy tippy tip toe dancing refuses to die. Demands can't be met. They must be broken.

The white light got frozen. The lightyear calculator has a glitch.

These are times when hope is less robust, less like a balloon and more like a cigarette. The rabbit militia has eaten everything in this world.

"We know of the possibility of other worlds. But we are indissolubly bound to this one."

No one can think on their toes anymore. The end times can't seem to wrap it up and the middle times hang around eternally. Enter Sibyl Kempson from another dimension.

Sibyl Kempson rides across the land on her horse. She draws back a magnificent arrow and shoots a magnificent moon. On the way, the arrow skewers the ice age and so spring springs again. The arrow carries the ice age across the cosmological wasteland and lands fortyeightthousand lightyears away. The lightyear calculators curse Sibyl Kempson.

"Damn you, Kempson"

And in the duckpond of the 53rd state of the union, masses of goslings quivering in the green rushes above a still and polleny pond whisper, Sibyl, Sibyl. In fifty three polyrhythms. Sibyl, Sibyl.

Her horse has led her here to the 53rd State of the Union. It is not far from Pennsylvania.

Meanwhile.

In the capital city, *CAPITALISMUSVILLE*,  
People in green buildings stare out of pink windows. Then they pull the shades. Dark things are happening in the duckponds on the edge of town.

(and a wailing chorus of cats went:)

*mrrroaughhhh*  
*mrrrrrraugggghhhhhaw*  
*hawweighhaw*  
*hoorrrrrmmmmrrrrraugh*

In this sorry place, goslings succumb to Typhoid Fever. Gosling mothers sneer across the cosmoplane at the universes where Typhoid Fever is a disease for trashcans, not goslings. An aluminum affliction.

This knowledge is torture.

Says gosling mom, mother of gosling mary. Typhoidal Mary Gosling swears by the stars above, but the stars sing *ha. ha . ha la la*.

Unfortunately, sound being even slower than light, we will have to wait quite a while before Mary the Typhoidal Goz registers a response.

WAIT FOR IT

*boredom boredom boredom boredom lined interior of boredom*

wait for it.

Ten million, three hundred twenty nine thousand, four hundred eighty eight years later.

Sibyl is gone. The gosling has gone under. The music of the stars falls on the ears of dead things.

## COSMOPLANE WALL

I am a set of words. I am about to undergo a process of division. I will be taken apart according to possible recombinations. I am armed for change. I would like to display the ways I can be categorized. You will see that I have within myself rulers, legends, and conventions. I would like to offer instructions for a dance. I thank you ahead of time.

I am a set of words about to. I am undergo. taken apart I will be a process. of division categorized, according I am to possible to display recombinations, the ways I can be. You will see ahead of time. I would like legends and conventions armed for change. I would like to offer instructions for that I have within myself rulers a dance. I thank you.

arm categorized words according to nations comb the ways I display. possible like ed for change. of division apart. to be to I for am taken about time undergo legends and off conventions. of I would You that will see ahead. I myself rulers of a dance thank you. will I a process set. I am i re I am a can be would like to instruct, er, I have ions within I.

nations rulers thank you. possible like time off words for change set categorized according to process. to be to I for am about undergo legends and of division taken aparted vent con willions. would see my head of self. will I a. i re a I am that a a can to be would like instruct, er, I have ions within I. arm dance of I I I am You. comb the ways I display.

## END COSMOPLANE

I I miss the duck.  
like like cowboy wallwallpaper.  
like the snail dared point at at the deer

Augustus B Rabbit, revileutionary and militant B. rabbit  
is one of many many dead things  
sunk in the soggy bogs of the 53rd State.

What lies in the bottom in perfect preservation?  
*Gentle smiles on the faces of dead things.*

The ghosts of the smiling dead inhabit porcelain figurines and wooden headed dolls. They whisper to Laura Jones in the dark recesses of the library.

Recurrence.

This is how it is. The living are lost under the thought of the dead, it never ends. *Round the bend, the rabbit militia descends again.*

They prefer not to look. Every single inhabitant of the 53rd state is intensely paranoid. Typhoidal gosling Mary's haunted grave is sacked. "where's the fugging goldenegg?"

*All the lights in the 53rd state of the Union are put out.  
It is the beginning of the calendar: a day of remembrance.*

meanwhile,  
downriver from *CAPITALISMUSVILLE*,  
prince maximilian, "a visitor from another dimmation"  
gets off a small boat and asks to paint your portrait.  
you are flattered yet suspicious.  
you imagine terrible things.  
you make a bad face and prince max says

AH!

and takes many notes.  
while the lights come back on.  
while illumination leaves the sacred crockpots of the clerics.  
while rushes cease to quiver.  
while everyone becomes reassured about everything:  
barbequing and nonsense. tympani of blessed sensation.

all the journalists are asked to leave. a white nosed lady moves to the podium and speaks:

"NO LONGER will there be a philosophy of anything! Relief is the order of the day. Followed closely by eggs over easy. Cooing will prevail in dovecotes and the foxes will leave, embarrassed."

Thank the nice lady for abolishing philosophy. Thank her white hair and white nose. But just before everyone can get home to write a nice thank you letter, the ghoulish horde of rabbits rears its ugly ugliness. Descends upon. Nothing is left alive. Her white nose and white fingers are wormfood. white hair is fishfood, white knees are dogfood, and the rabbits eat white liver, as rabbits are wont to. *Never again will anybody mention philosophical abolitionism.*

Sadly do the dead resume their stargazing in all corners of the 53rd State of the Union. They are searching for the distant planet, where ghoulish rabbit hordes, just at the moment of their descent, were eradicated by the introduction of red into the color scheme. If only we had waited! Mournful songs go on for a while now:

sing:

lalalaaaaa  
la la laaaaaa  
hoo hoo hooweie  
hoowee hoowaaowaa  
hoo hoo hoooweeeaii  
hoooweeee ha laaaeeeo  
rimms ba ta laaalaaa  
hooweeee ta ta  
rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrroom  
vvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvnnnnnoonnn  
paah

The revolutionary images are removed from the books. The end of the beginning is the end of all things. Red rabbits rebel. Ghouls go green. This equals the middle time. Equals the end of philosophy. This was dispatched by pigeon post. To the cabbage heads of state. And all the alms were taken back, for the meek had inherited a nice lakefront property. They tore each other's eyes out because they could no longer share.

Dare to say, this equals profound tiredness on the part of the gods of Ur. They abandon their posts. They thumb their noses at Gilgamesh and Ganesh. This equals the beginning of the time of division. Dawn is done and only darkness falls on dances.

(and division and multiplication)

and division and inflection.

(and inflection and bifurcation)



Cosmicspliterernity. In a yellow wood. In a darksome distant galaxy.

This knowledge is torture.

Traces of the moon lady were discovered frequently in the end of time. She had been throwing cheese, according to the ancient art of do-yu-ra. the ancient art of yrr necksd.

a new calendar is begun.

these are the times when hope is less robust. less like a cigarette and more like the surge of a minor vindication.

*and all the lights in the 53rd State are snuffed out,  
which causes a rash of deaths by electrocution.  
the current is free and wild and lost to numbers.*

in methodological alleatorical. aleatorellogory.

It is a possibility, you know. It is possible.

(Sneer, sneert, sneerjt, and every possible translation of sneert)

This is the end of wallpaper. All mapmaking is declared to be criminal. It is the beginning of an underground renaissance. The anti-bifurcationists become strong and for a while they are total!

THEY CHANT: *Everything was always happening at once.  
Everything on top of everything which was on top of everything else.*

In the cosmos, associations ring across distances. In the 53rd state they meet in the corner. Furniture obsession is epidemic. Angles, joints, and folds.

But what of the duck in the other dimmation? How goes his freedom there?

He is haunted each Thursday. In endless recurrence. The shooting, gutting and stuffing plays on repeat in the basement archives of the cosmoverse.

Was something already known?

"Preventatively as such we have locked it up and suffocated it."

To know, but never to travel to.

To imagine, but never to reach.

sing:

la la la  
la la laa laa la  
la la la  
la la laa laa laaaa

But freedom was gone. Things felt calculated: already known, already dead. Big bad boar is not enough. Badness not near enough. bigness not upon us. The boar runs through the otherworld and commingles with pitbulls.

*And nothing was erefull. Everything was awefull. And what came before came again.*

condemned.

Such sad stories are everywhere wrapped up in brown paper. They are declared unconstitutional by the legislature. They are requested to leave. Tenderfaced lady throws cheese. across space. She hurtles it through combo amps and into secret places. She hurtles it without a trace.

## **COSMOPLANE WALL**

adding cor to process. nations rulers forthank you. possible change set. ized categor! like time off words o be o. t I. for am undergo . abo leg ut ends and of vision taken par wouldd I vent conated willions . see my head elf . of s. LL I a. i re a I am that a a can to be would like instruct, er, You wit. I have ions within I. dance of. arm comb the I dis. am I . I I. playways.

dac or cissing c to pro. hav sible changee posset. ized categorke! timlie off words. o be o. t I. for. am rullegado undergo endsut of ion vistaken paro wuldd I vent conated ers willions . seemy head elf of S. Lial. i re a I amthat a a can to be would like instruct, er, wit. I ions within I. of. barm com the I dis/dan wam I . pli I. ay say: nations thank you for you dance

## END COSMOPLANE

things become self aware and it is bad.

your many layered company offends me.

the caucus of ghost deer has grown cynical.

everything becomes objectionable.

This is a tour of the musical planet.

Where plays meticulous antibacterial cheese music.

Green cars of cheerfulness occupy a hotel with no doors.

A survey is taken of man-made lakes, crossbows and demolition derbies.

In the future, all things will have been distasteful already.

This is a great relief.

The 51st and 52nd were printed wrong. Then they were voided.

There was a terrible war which blew things apart.

Which severed the moment

so to speak.

that was when indivisibility went out the window.

the beginning of the time of differentiation.

that was the era of wallpaper. this is the era of skypaper.

there are programs that allow this.

there are ways to.

when trains were swappable.

then you won't have to do it.

schooling is done forever.

so are

smart people, and social commentary.

this is why it can be said to be a benevolent dream time of ringing bells.

O the ghosts are boasting of terrible things laid low in tannin  
and how they laid them there themselves.

"with our bare hands, yar."

menacingly

ringtones on static make everything strange again  
bottomy dreamtimes.

sing:

Yu aare a gull.  
and also a gull's goat.  
and in the gulls throat  
is a bull  
and in the bull's nose  
is more time than  
anyone ever did  
know what to do with  
so everyone sneezes  
and everything freezes  
and gulls without kneeses  
are are falling from treeses

It's getting that way.  
yrr necksd. *twitches, whimpers.*  
in green buildings with pink windows.  
under quilted blankets. *twitches, whimpers.*  
after a lot of slow crushing and inwardness, *twitches, whimpers*  
young arsonists denounce fire.  
there is no hope left-  
unless we can get back to the  
benevolent dreamtime of ringing bells.

Dream time.  
Is about furniture, you see.  
It is about joindering and dovetailing and the corner.

Unspeakable things are broadcast loudly.  
Car alarms inspire great ballads of only one chord.  
You know it right?  
It was terrible.  
We left.

Martial law is declared in the 53rd state of the union.  
53rdrs quiver behind green buildings, and in the farmhouse  
near the duckpond:

*I am so scared, yknow.*  
*am so so scared yknow.*

Nature dreams the 53rd state. The 53rd State rebels and shoots nature in the arse.

Then in the necksd.

Deers bell.  
They harbour.  
Then they hind.  
Nothing is outlawed.  
I will abandon you.

Everything will give way to the greatness to come.  
Prince Maximilian will want to paint your portrait.  
You will make a terrible face:  
You will be so ugly.

Prince Max's second voyage takes him upriver of capitalismusville. nothing overheard is overhead anymore. All is down below, down lower than low. Many of them are shocked. Prince Max couldn't think about anything else he could be doing. His trusted advisor however:

I'm OUTTA HERE. aiight.

*Prince Max:* From now on I'm on my own. *Prince Max:* I'm not qualified. *Prince Max:* I'm totally crazy. I was excessed. In providence. *Prince Max is totally depressed.* From now on, I will stay here. In the 53rd State of the Union. I will live in the marshlands. I will cherish the green and pink city in the distance. I will see the cosmoplane light itself up each night.

Nature dreams itself to save itself from truancy, delinquency, and pregnancy.

Chemistry, without training or anesthesia, rebels.

Prince Max puts his hands on his ears and dreams Sibyl.

She is riding across the land. On her horse.  
Everything passes out of his mind.

Yet immediately passes back in. There is not going to be  
change, Max. There will be even less sympathy. Have you  
considered this, Max?

instead of doing it all, he does none of it.

Hair grows in bad places. Quivery reeds cease to quiver.  
Delicate stories cease to matter. There was no narrative. They  
left. Bang bang bang like the ten little indians.

"drop dead."

"I can't."

The abovementioned circumstances taken into consideration,  
one should suppose that Prince Max would undergo a radical  
reorientation. He was afraid of thunder and dogs. The dogs  
were afraid of lightning and the lightning only wanted to be  
loved. "Knowing is touching" it said as it struck the tree.

Max gets a pet raven. He gives up painting. He writes novels.  
He eats them for breakfast. Only an eyeball lurks in his eye.  
His perception is foggy. He lacks authority. He is not punk  
rock. The raven deserts him. He never had a dog. He is so  
ugly. He has no pigment to paint with. He has no Indians to  
dance with. He lost the cabinet. He lost the election, the bones  
and the feathers. *This is the moment that is furthest from  
awakening.*

In his despair he joins the menacing queue. And waits.

*boredom boredom boredom boredom lined interior of boredom.  
boredom boredom boredom boredom lined interior of boredom  
boredom boredom boredom boredom lined interior of boredom  
boredom boredom boredom boredom lined interior of boredom*

this is the queue

It's glorified.

It's pacified.

It's one by one the same meted advance: left then right. left then right. in equal measure. steady, unfaltering.

max faints in horror and falls from the line.

High above the queue, goslings quiver in the afterlife. Quiver endlessly in the afterlife of things. Green grow the rushes. Rushes blow. Marshes stretch from city limit to state line. If you have ever stepped in a bog you will understand -- the terror. Rushes blow. Goslings quiver. And stare out at the cosmoverse awaiting. . . anything.

Prince Max dreams nature to escape from himself. Nature betrays Prince Max and shoots him in the arse with a finely sharpened reed.

My point is, you're never ready.

## 2.

Time passes quickly too.

Thank the other dimensions for having left you in misery.

Oh every possibility is alive and impregnated.

Deers bell and harbour.

in the capital city,  
CAPITALISMUSVILLE  
phantasms slow dance.

I have a dream. Of the 53rd State of the Union. The buildings  
are green and the lights are pink. In the outskirts of the city,  
hunters prowl, and shoot things.

You feel the burden of tradition lifted.  
This is the ice age.  
It is tremendously hot.  
This is the age of molten lava.  
This is the age of magma piles.  
This is the age of shingles.  
The young are afflicted and the old laugh their asses off.  
Then the music stops.

Only snails could love a city.  
Only goslings could quiver in the rush.  
Only pollen floats.  
Only the tree snows  
Only the mountain is buried.  
Only the hunters menace the outskirts.  
Only the distant field is missing  
My only dream is to be a retired librarian.  
My only dream is to have finished everything.  
It couldn't be that bad.  
It couldn't be a black hole  
It couldn't be a big bad boar.



It couldn't be in Norway, Florida, or New York City.

Hello to you,  
my friends, in Norway: you know who you are.

Such sad stories are wrapped up in brown paper and syllables.

## COSMOPLANE WALL

sing ordac av esc toc pro. shible changee posset. off wuldd.  
ized categorke! timlie words. o be o. t I. for. am rulleghabo  
derungo endsut of akenvist paro I vent conated ers willions .  
comseemy headsof elf. ion Libal. reiaiam t can a o e o a wuld  
ikelisn truct, er, wit. I ions within I. of. I barm eth disdan  
wam I . thaplit I. ay say: nations thank you for you dance

## END COSMOPLANE

citywall. windowseen.  
windowzoom one. nursemaid and nursed.  
"I have to go back to my house."

A terrible sense of unfamiliarity.  
As if the universe bifurcated and she was accidentally slid off  
*"into the wrong one."*

longtime is unforgiving.  
She packs a suitcase to go home with.  
To that other house from before the forking road.  
Windowshades pulled in unfamiliar homes.  
In windows throughout the city.

Here's not here.  
Track backwards to go home.  
Tracking back to known.

Step slower.  
Houses go in rows  
Fires in drums  
Skywards in backwards  
All in a boil  
In the wrong kitchen.

in recession and regression.  
in greyhouses folded up in greenhouses

here's not here  
's not here.  
here's not here.  
not here.  
's not here.

We have to save the prisoners of the old dumentium  
They will lead us home.

The elders of the 53rd state dig up the buried china, the doll  
heads, and the room keys.

cunning o. the rushes grow.

our dreems.  
of our dreems.  
play themselves out  
down a one-way street.

but happy things  
sing welcome back.

headsof elf ions. sing ordac happy  
*headsof elf ions. sing ordac*  
headsof elf ions. sing ordac happy  
*headsof elf ions. sing ordac*

heads in pods. endless hours.

I am a secret summertime hunter. I am a cunning collector. An  
enraptor of things.  
a day a day. I'd imagine ether planets other.  
a faroffity I'd imagine, or  
psychostance. or distology.

rabbitology.  
duckitty dog.  
totemic molification  
white over the orange box and nothing but dogstink allaround

return to old haunts  
a feast I'll face again.

oh sweet soy  
oh duck sauce  
oh bird flu

sing bang! the duck is down.

diminution of duck faculties  
a duck sauce of ducksong.  
death done.  
duck and gone.

oh sing praise for things we already understand  
and thank god for them  
and never leave us, don't, please!

sing ducksong.  
to duckgod of thunderquacks.

*then the mirror will discourse on itself:*

## **COSMOPLANE WALL**

will dance coomseeemys headsof elf ions. sing ordac av esc  
toc pro. shchibleee an po sset. off wuldd. ized categorke! timlie  
wor d. be. t i. forg. rull gabo deru mngo e n dsut fakenvisto  
paro aeo reiaamo ve iint conated ers.. ized ion Libal ions. t c  
aan wuld ike lisen truc, ert, wit. I within I. of. I barm the  
disdan wam I . thaplit I. ay say: nat thank ions for you you

## **END COSMOPLANE**

It was the beginning and also the end. it was shamefaced and  
wrong.

A mighty conflict comes. DIS Versus DRUID. There is to be no  
ending. No finality or assignation. No confirmation or  
condemnation.

But image drifts of druidic duality. Only here and there.  
And always will there be  
here and there  
But you will be endlessly here.

To know, but never to travel to.  
To imagine, but never to reach.

send signals to other dimmations.

Goslings quiver. They stare across the cosmoplane. Goslings quiver. They stare across the cosmoplane.

The lightyear calculators drink plum wine and ridicule living things one by one.

Enter Sibyl Kempson from another dimension. She is exhausted from all this entering. She longs for latin abstractitude. But never tires. In duty. She rides across the land on her horse. She hears things. She shoots moons which are many. Too much bifurcating. Too much pluraliversing. Snow accumulates on quiet places. No one walks alone tonight. No dog barks alone tonight. No changeling has an inkling. No futures clasp hands. There are warm places to be gotten to. People are having visions of the 58th state. They are jumping ahead. There are mysterious holes in the order of things.

We are in the desert. As you can see.

*don't forget the rabbits.*

"I don't mean to cast stones and all but"

*don't forget the rabbits*

"abruptly the ground gave way and"

*don't forget the rabbits*

"everyone above fell below into"

*don't forget the rabbits*

"THE WARREN"

*don't forget the rabbits*

"penetrated the deep dark labyrinth."

*don't forget the rabbits*

"rabbitspliterernity. trails and hollows."

*don't forget the rabbits*

"bifurcating and endless down."

*don't forget the rabbits*

"they tore everybody's heads off."

foil, foil, foil and trouble.  
headlessness and headlessness

The door is wide open. Creation was never so constant as this.  
Nor had it ever worn such a beautiful pink coat.

Some place back in memory, a snail points to a dog who is pointing at the sky in which a bird is headed towards a deer that is pointing at a hunter what is pointing at a rabbit. The rabbit rises up and screams a death curdling gut wringing howl as such did never once come from a rabbit (since the day the prehistoric dinos stepped on all of them). a curdling scream.

so it was that the mighty horde was called into existence.  
and the hunter became headless  
and everything explained

still, skeptics sneer at  
simple solutions  
and unwrap everything that had been neatly wrapped.

a new calendar. marks a day of holy unwrapping.  
celebrate in chrysanthemum square. six ritual times.

1,2,3,4,5,6

### 3.

**// indicates the beginning of the following line**

streaming // and differentiation.

bicycle and mandolin. // blueshit and texas

garbage sack and straddling. // country rock and birding

lamppost and bookkeeper. 48th and // 22nd

fear and tin foil apothecary // and cigarette

clover and after.

play zither xylophone yentl veracity wolvering ethical  
breakdown.

silence at last.

wolvering ethical breakdown.

triumph at // last.

play arthur boring // caroline down eerie

freezers (green horned // interiors)

silence at last.

silence at last.

in one of many // worlds.

gnarled // humperdinck insidious

jesuits karlov leskov manifold // nuisance

like fifty three. like none // at all.

noisome operating // pullmanist

wherein anthropologists head the // states by dissolving them.

parceling quivering // rascally snoop

like acts of rescue equal a flood. // equals ten thousand bales  
of hay.

tivoli ursus voidal wolvering ethical breakdown.

silence at last

silence at last.

## **COSMOPLANE WALL**

c o o mseeemys a h e o a dsf elf. sing ions. o rad c av an esc  
at toc at pro. shchibleee. po e t. wu l. s s d d. izieid c e aan  
ke! tmlie wor d. be. t. fg. bg a o or deru mngo e n dsut fak e n  
a p rrrr vis t o o f f eiaam ooeaove iint conated ers. ized Liion  
balions. rullwul k d tru sln c, ert, go wit. I. of. I bam the  
disdan wam I . h a t c plit t Ii e. a ys n a ys thank ion youi for  
you within I I will dance.

## **END COSMOPLANE**

Armies are moving. The rabbit horde is in for an ass kicking.

The men of the north and the men of the south will round up  
the rabbits with bayonets. They will back them up against a  
cliff. And the rabbits will drop. They will hop to their long, to  
the way, across the wintry and tundryly wasteland, falling  
downside cliffside and taken up by cosmic winds. Blown all the  
way to Rabbits Hole, where dead things are passed out of the  
cosmoverse. and passed in to the uniplane. Which is before and  
after all things.

Sibyl, Sibyl, whispersings gosling mary. I have lost my rabbit  
love. You must away to Rabbits Hole to rescue his soul before  
he migrates into the undimination.

And how will I find the rabbit's soul?  
*by traveling quick to rabbit hole*  
and how will I know the rabbit Hole  
*you must ask the vole.*

The vole, who lives in a tunnel by the observatory, takes Sibyl to the telescope. He does not know where to find Rabbits Hole, but he knows how to look for it. During the night, Sibyl swivels the scope about and looks at other worlds. Sibyl, what do you see?

**Sibyl swings the scope and speaks:**

I see a world in which the revolutionary Rabbit has been enthroned. He sits in a pale damp room of the palace. His drooping eyes roll images of the land back and forth in a half sleep; he has become everything he fought against. The palace bears down on the vegetation. The headless, who have undergone voluntary rehabilitation, are planted in orderly rows in the palace gardens. Metabolic energy lies in submission. This world is calm: limestone calm. But the rabbit is old. Murmurs between the blossoms of the headless trees.

**Sibyl swings the scope and speaks:**

Now I see another rabbit world, where Augustus B. Rabbit walks down graceful colonnades hand in hand with a light year calculator. Their pace is slow. They're talking about the stars, about the birth of the stars and the end of the universe. The rows of headless trees have blossomed. The goslings perch in the lower branches and dive into duckponds.

**Sibyl swings the scope and speaks:**

Another rabbit world. The rebellion has succeeded. A repellent dome was constructed to keep the light year calculators at bay. The young meet in the corners, they're tired of enforced cooperation. Rumors circulate of a passionate love affair between a young rabbit and a lightyear calculator. The old revolutionary council of rabbits struggle to maintain the purity of their defiance. Headquartered on a neighboring star, the light year calculators scan the dome daily, looking for the crack that will inevitably appear.

**Sibyl swings the scope and speaks:**

Another rabbit world. Augustus B. commands the rebel rabbits from deep in the woods around the city. The palace is heavily fortified. There are constant explosions. Bombs explode in green sewers. Hovering bands of rabbits descend without warning, met by terrible bands of unclear association. The light year calculators have all convened in the palace; they stare nervously out the windows and grimace. The gangs they have sent to combat the rabbits have morphed into something



perverse and unaffiliated. It is a steady state of emergency,  
rebellion and response. And the polleny ponds, goslings quiver,  
fearful of everything.

**the group voice begins again**

*still, rabbits are less fearsome than sturgeon, triceratops,  
unicorns, voles, wildebeest, xifa, yellowtails, zaurinebras. but  
what is more fearsome than a neverending deathwaltz?*

*boredom boredom boredom .*

save us Sibyl.  
kill the lightyear calculators.  
make it all stop traveling.  
make it rest.

## 4. EPITAPH

### COSMOPLANE WALL, gently

the ends of times discourse on themselves.

sing ions. o ra d c av an esc a t t t t. th oc at pro.  
shchili b l e e e. po o o o o o o o et.

cavan esacpt, headself. pote.

wulll will macks l. s d d. izieid c e n ke!  
t m e wor d. be. fg. bg a o or deru m m n go e n dsu

fak e n a p rrrr v i s t f f

vista, elf cont en ders, pote: I the disdan wam.  
ei a a a an ion y ui wit I. I d an e.

a zed. an ion. a pote. a poet headelf the disdan wam. will to  
you, to my word. to my foggy, bog words. vist, fake words.  
conated willions. a zed, the end, beheaded pote. for some  
things must die so that others can. caravand. foggy, boggy.  
fake words, con willions. fake vistas, go wit. er. will dance, the  
disdan wam. some things die so that others can wam. the  
disdan beginning of the middle of the end, the dane, the dan,  
the beheaded bend. so all can wam. fake endings, fake vistas:  
the cosmoplane the caravan the disdan wam.

mighty ions go sliptaparting over the whole of space and  
nothing is ending. it flies off, it binds back, to the origin of the  
smallest divergence. The earliest future of measurement.  
Because a curve is a line in motion that is bound to its point of  
origin. A curve is a line in motion that loves its rabbit mom.

Death to the lightyear calculators!

release the ion bonds

and elf contenders sing to max, and max sings to goslings, and  
goslings sing of a green and pink city and a curving surface of

starts. just look at them. just look at them.

stars. just look at them. look at them.

starts. just look at them. just look at them.

stars. just look at them. just look at them.

starts. just look at them. just look at them.

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stars. just look at them. look at them.